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## WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

### PART I.

'Mr dear,' said Mrs Smith to her husband, replacing her watch: Mr Smith was reading in a very indolent-looking lounging chair, and took no notice whatever of the tender epithet that so lovingly glided from his fair lady's lips.

'My love,' she said, and now a delicate ear could distinguish that her voice was raised a semitone higher than it was when she said 'my dear'; yet still Mr Smith made no reply, though he wielded the paper-knife to accelerate his studies.

Mrs Smith—Mrs Joseph Smith, I should say—was as pretty and pettish a little lady as could be found between Hyde Park corner and the noisy end of Sloane Street; and Mr Joseph Smith was as dreamy and absent in mind and habits as his lady was irritable, 'fussy,' and particular. He was *very* absent, sometimes mistaking his wife's bonnet for his own hat—putting a white waistcoat over a black one—remembering everything, in fact, that ought to be forgotten, and forgetting everything that ought to be remembered—building castles in the air, and paying no attention, that he could possibly avoid, to the earthly castle (a gaily-furnished house) in which they resided. He was fond of reading, and fancied he understood moral philosophy.

'Joseph,' said Mrs Smith, and her voice was now so decidedly elevated, that the little spaniel, who was pretending to sleep on the hearth-rug, opened his eyes, yawned, and stretching himself, walked over to his mistress, who next, in a really angry tone, exclaimed, 'Mr Smith!' Still the reader made no reply; and the lady, after darting a look of bitter scorn at the insensible gentleman, flounced out of the room, 'banging' the door, while the little fat spaniel stood looking after her in stupid astonishment.

Mr Smith remained alone for about twenty minutes, quite unconscious of his lady's departure. At last, starting suddenly up from his book, he exclaimed, 'My dear Lizzy, I have made a great moral discovery, which, if acted upon, will revolutionise society. I cannot explain it to you just yet, but you may guess its magnitude and importance, when I tell you it will render mankind honest. They—but are you there, my dear?' He walked to the bay window, where, half shaded by the curtain, the lady generally sat, so that she could see, as she said, her work and the street, and whatever was going on in the room, at the same time; he then opened the drawing-room door, and called 'Lizzy' and 'my love' repeatedly; there was no answer; he rang the bell. 'My mistress is gone out, sir,' was the footman's reply.

'Did she leave any message for me?'

'Not that I know of, sir.'

'That will do,' said Mr Smith; and then he thought to himself, 'it was very strange of her to go out without saying a word to me on the subject; and she knows that we had agreed to go somewhere—I really forgot to

find out where—together, and to be there exactly at two.' He looked at his watch, and found that, having forgotten to wind it, it did not go; he then cast his eyes on the time-piece; that being under Mrs Smith's care, was clicking away merrily; it was then ten minutes after the appointed time. 'Dear me,' thought Mr Smith, 'I daresay she is gone to the appointment. How very odd that she should not have called me; he repeated this several times to himself, for he was sadly perplexed at finding his wife quite out of the way when he wanted her; and when his habits and ideas were disturbed, he always continued fidgetty and uncomfortable until again chained down by reverting to some old, or commencing some new, dream. Starting as if from the action of a galvanic battery, he caused the bell to ring a peal through the house. 'Tell the cook,' he said to the footman, 'there are two gentlemen to dine here at seven.'

'Please, sir, my mistress ordered dinner at half-past five, as she said she was going to the theatre.'

'Very awkward,' muttered Mr Smith; 'I remember she said something about that; but I thought it was to-morrow. However, it must be seven, and a proper dinner—fish, soup—you understand me?'

About five o'clock Mrs Smith returned in high spirits; she had been to a delightful little concert—the engagement her absent husband had forgotten. Her apparently unaccountable absence had put him out of temper. 'So,' he said, 'you are come back: and really, Elizabeth, I think it was very wrong of you to go out, and by yourself too, without saying a word to me, particularly as we were going to the diorama, or some such place together.'

'Now, really, that is very cruel of you, Joseph,' answered the lady, withdrawing the cheek she had held down for a kiss; 'I called you four times, and you sat there like a stock or a stone, minding me no more than if I were a stock or a stone. I knew my cousin would be waiting for me; as the concert was early—'

'You know very well,' interrupted her husband, 'you never called me. Now, I remember I particularly wanted to go to a concert, and you knew it.'

'You never told me so.'

'Psha!' exclaimed Mr Smith.

Mrs Smith stamped her little foot as she rang the bell. Bells are ill-used things where there is much domestic contention; and now the wire reeved and cracked, and the tongue rattled violently within its brazen mouth. 'Is dinner ready?' she inquired. The man looked at his master.

'No,' said Mr Smith, and there was much strength and decision in the little monosyllable. 'Mr Orepoint and Mr Harrison dine here at seven. I remember having forgotten to tell you *that*, though I *did* tell you of my wish to go to the concert.'

But Mrs Smith made no retort touching the concert. She seemed petrified at something her husband had said, until at last she burst into tears, sobbing forth, she did not know what she had done, that he should insult her so. Mr Smith looked astonished, and inquired what she meant; and she reminded him

that Mr Orepoint was 'the man' who had jilted her poor sister Amelia; that it was impossible he (Mr Smith) could have forgotten the circumstance, as he had heard it so often; and that, for her part, she would not stay in the house with such a wretch as Orepoint. The moment he came in she would go out; she had made up her mind to that. The absent Mr Smith was overwhelmed; the little resolution he indulged in vanished. He remembered the circumstance when it was too late, reminded his wife of his forgetful habit, and said he 'would do anything he could.' Mrs Smith dried her tears a little, and replied, that he must write and 'say anything' to put Orepoint off; and then he found he had forgotten Mr Orepoint's address.

Never was unfortunate husband in a greater fever of perplexity than Mr Smith during the next hour and a-half. Finding that, often as he addressed his wife, she in her turn made no reply, he went into his little dressing-room, with a vague idea that he had something to do. His reflection in the looking-glass reminded him that he was not dressed for dinner. He went through the duties of the toilet with a perfect attention to what he was about, and was selecting from a cabinet a table snuff-box, which contained some peculiar snuff, when a loud double knock caused him to hasten down with the first box he met with in his hand, without taking another peep at his pretty little sulky wife; if he had, he would have found that her sulks were gone, and that she was preparing to do the honours of the house. Mrs Smith was not in any degree husband-hunting for her sister Amelia; but it occurred to her that Mr Orepoint would not have accepted the invitation, if he had not some desire to renew the intimacy that once existed between the families. He was still a *bon parti*, older by six years than when he jilted Amelia; and she thought Amelia had never loved any one so well since. Besides, Amelia had been a flirt; she knew that; and fancied her judgment on Mr Orepoint was sudden. Nor did she like sitting for four or five hours by herself; and perhaps, after all, she had been more vexed at not going to the play than at Mr Orepoint's coming to dinner. So just as Mr Smith had finished an apology concerning her absence, she entered the room, and thus afforded fresh ground for displeasure. A little forbearance, and she could have made all smooth, but her pettishness was again in the ascendant. The dinner increased the formality, which the flirting Mr Orepoint had it not in his power to assuage. In his difficulty of knowing what to talk about, he inquired after 'her fair sister,' and Mrs Smith, while her husband was describing to Mr Harrison the proposed workings of his new moral theory, managed to draw him into a conversation as to old times, that was proceeding quite in accordance with her desire.

Just at that moment Mr Smith, with the suddenness which characterised all his movements, asked Mr Orepoint if he were particular in the flavour of his snuff, and Mr Smith sent up his snuff-box; it had hardly glided over the snowy damask to its destination, when the mistaking Smith exclaimed, 'Not that box, Mr Orepoint; not that. Do me the favour to return it; that is not the one I intended.'

'And why not?' replied the bland gentleman—'why not? Here is a charming likeness of your lady and her sister, most exquisitely painted, and superbly set, the beauty of the one doing justice to the beauty of the other.'

'Ah!' said the absent man, 'I thought it might revive the memory of—' Mrs Smith, by a sudden effort, managed to interrupt the rest of the sentence. Mr Smith rallied, but was again stopped by a timely interruption. 'Mr Smith, you are throwing your walnut shells on the carpet, and they crush into it and eat it so, that I must beg you to be more careful.'

'I declare most solemnly,' said the husband, 'I have not cracked a single walnut yet; I was only twisting the nut-crackers.'

'You say anything to gain your point,' muttered

the lady, but not so low as to escape her husband's ear, who—like the animals in the menageries, when 'poked up' that they may waken and show off their nature, such as it is—was on the *qui vive* for an attack. Without waiting for a reply, she rose from her seat, and in leaving the table, had the address to carry off, unnoticed, the unfortunate box to her own apartment.

It was a damp drizzling evening, and the church clocks had just 'gone' a quarter past ten, when a carriage stopped at the door of a handsome house in one of the gorgeous streets that have arisen out of the damps and ditches of the 'Five Fields.' From this carriage Mrs Joseph Smith alighted, and rushing up her cousin Mrs Mansfield's stairs, did not wait for the servant's announcement. The lady whom she sought, after her day's ill-managed fever, was very different in character and conduct from the petted pettish little creature who, full of bitterness and vexation, flew to her for the advice she persuaded herself she required from 'her dear Madeline'; but pretty Mrs Smith always made up her mind—not a very large thing to make up—and acted upon her resolve, before she took counsel at all.

Mrs Mansfield was sitting in her splendid drawing-room alone; her embroidery frame stood beside her chair; and the bright and dead gold she was working into a satin scarf for her husband glittered beneath the light of the beautiful lamp, that shone without dazzling or disturbing the stately character of the apartment. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, as she rose to meet her cousin—'oh! your knock set my heart beating; I thought it was Edward!'

'What?' inquired Elizabeth, 'has he not been home since the concert? He told you to wait dinner.'

'So I did until half-past seven; but he does not wish me to wait beyond that.'

'Then,' exclaimed Mrs Smith, 'if he did not wish me to wait, that's the very reason I would wait; if he served me as he has been serving you these six years, the un—'

'Hush, Elizabeth,' said her cousin; and her 'hush' was decisive, both from its tone and the expression that accompanied it. 'I allow no one to cast reflections upon my husband. Pray, sit down, and tell me what fresh annoyance has brought you here this evening? You told me of your great trouble this morning; how that my good friend Joseph would not answer when spoken to. As you have known that habit as long as you have known him, I was somewhat astonished at your making a complaint of it now; and I told you to resort to your old practice, and jog his elbow; Joseph will feel the shake when he does not hear the words.'

'Well, and so I did when I went home; but he was as rude as a bear; insisted that he wished to have been at the concert, and had told me so, which he never did.'

'He thought he had, and that should have made you endure the assertion. You know he is quite incapable of intended falsehood.'

'I cannot describe his conduct. He invited that Mr Orepoint with Harrison to dinner, and he knew I was going to the play.'

'He forgot it,' murmured Mrs Mansfield.

'Orepoint, who behaved so ill to Amelia,' continued Mrs Smith; 'and I refused to meet him at dinner; and then I thought better of it, and dressed and came down; and instead of being grateful for my doing so, Smith looked thunders when I entered the drawing-room.'

'One kind word from you would have smoothed it all; but you are so touchy, that instead of forbearing, you said something rude or odd?' observed Madeline.

'I said nothing to him, at all events,' she continued. 'He knows I am hasty.'

'Granted: and you know he is absent.'

'My goodness, Madeline! you speak as if all the duty was on one side.'

'Not at all; the truest and only rule to render married life happy—the law, divine as well as moral, "BEAR AND FORBEAR," is imperative on both.'

'Then it should be practised by both,' said Lizzy.

'Granted most fully,' answered her cousin; 'and in your case it is simply because it is practised by neither, that you spend your days bickering about the straws of life.'

'How you talk, Madeline. Straws indeed. Would you believe it—he was going to tell the strange odd-sounding story of the foreigner who painted Amelia's miniature and mine on the box, whom we believed to be a count, and—a—a—desirable person; in short, one who might have done for Amelia; and how we found him out. Well, he was absolutely going to tell the whole of that to Orepont, and before Harrison, too, who is a sort of patent reporter.'

'Oh, you could have turned the conversation,' said Madeline.

'My dear, I tried; but it only made matters worse.'

'How unfortunate. Well, my motto, remember, is "Bear and Forbear." You know what I have often told you, that I never knew a matrimonial quarrel where all the wrong was on one side.'

'But, Madeline,' exclaimed Mrs Smith, 'it's all very well for the woman to forbear if the man will bear, or vice versa; but I cannot understand why a woman is to be trampled on.'

'Nor I; if a woman perform her duty, she cannot be trampled on. There is no mention in the marriage ceremonial of a wife's being obedient *if* the husband be affectionate, or of the husband's protecting and cherishing *if* the wife be obedient. No matter how the husband performs his portion of the compact, the wife is bound to perform hers.'

'The men ought to be mightily obliged to you,' said Mrs Smith sarcastically.

'Not so much as the women,' answered Madeline. 'I love to see a woman treading the high and holy path of duty, unblinded by the sunshine, unscarred by the storm. There are hundreds who do so from the cradle to the grave—heroines of endurance, of whom the world has never heard, but whose names—and, carried away by the enthusiasm of the feeling, she clasped her hands together—'but whose names will be bright hereafter, even beside the brightness of angels. Lizzy, it grieves me to see you frittering away your happiness. You are married to a man without faults—generous, faithful, and wonderfully patient; domestic, and yet leaving you mistress of your house and actions.'

'When he prevents my going to the play, and insults me at a horrid seven o'clock dinner; thrust in poor Mrs Smith.'

'Oh, nonsense, dearest; mere fibres upon which to hang a quarrel; he has heaps of peculiarities, I know; and you have only to laugh and humour them, as you used to do about two years ago, to be as happy as a summer day is long; but *beware!* if you get into a quarrelling habit, he will do the same—a straw has a tube large enough to contain gunpowder: a few more such quarrels as that which must have occurred to drive you at this hour from your house, when you ought to be in your drawing-room, would destroy the happiness of any home. Go back, tell him you are sorry for the quarrel, and never mind whether he says, or does not say, he is sorry; but don't strive to find out who began it, or who did not. You are sorry for the quarrel, are you not? There was an increase of pout, but no reply.'

'Elizabeth, I am older, and you say wiser than you; do not, I intreat you, thrust your happiness from you; if you do so in the days of your early marriage, you may hunt after it in vain. It is a foolish saying, that the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love; but this I tell you, wedded quarrels are the knell of love. Go home, dearest cousin; forget your offended dignity; remember how tender your husband has been to you in sickness; recall not how much of your waywardness he has resented, but how much he has endured; think how he provided for your brother, and his liberality to your family—these are great things to set against small vexations. The idea of quarrelling with a husband

because he sometimes has a little mental wandering, and does not immediately hear what you say, or because he drops walnut shells on the carpet, is really too absurd. Go home, my dear, like a good wife, and think no more of this nonsense.'

The humbled Mrs Smith departed, not convinced of her error, but at least discomfited, and fortunately arrived at home before she was missed.

Mrs Mansfield was now alone, and alone she remained, until the chimes of the time-piece arrested her attention—it was a quarter past one. She rang the bell, directed the footman to desire her maid to go to bed, and ordered that all the servants should retire. In a few minutes an old and faithful domestic who had attended Mr Mansfield from his boyhood, and was now half valet half steward, entered the room, and told his mistress that he hoped she did not mean him to go to bed? 'I've sat up many a night for my master, and for his father before him,' said the man, 'and never rose the later for it; and I hope you will let me wait now as well as ever? I am sure, late or early, I am never tired. The air is cold, and it looks—I beg your pardon for saying so—strange to the other servants for their mistress to open the door: I will only do that, ma'am. I wish I could do anything to show my gratitude and respect for those who have done so much for me.' Incidents sometimes occur at war with all forms, that touch the heart deeply; there was so much kindness and delicacy in these few words, that Madeline thanked Lewis, and told him he might wait up if he pleased. Mr Mansfield was a man of station, wealth—or reputed wealth—and talents—the peculiar talents so much admired in society; his humour was buoyant, graceful, and accompanied by a constitutional good temper, that cheered others while it was refreshing to himself; but with all his accomplishments, he had one serious fault—in his character there was no stability; his good resolutions melted away before the first temptation, and his want of fixed principles rendered him the easy captive of the last passion or the last speaker. He was so courted abroad, that if his home had been neglected, or his wife other than she was, he would never have been seen at his own house. Mrs Mansfield, loving her husband with more than the usual love even of woman, had latterly entertained the ambition of being her husband's friend; to accomplish this, she sacrificed all small feelings, stifled at their birth all petty, or what many women would consider anything but petty, grievances, and determined to watch and wait for an opportunity to withdraw him from the vortex of fashion, folly, and, it might be, worse, into which he was plunged.

She had observed lately that her husband shunned her more than usual. He avoided their being alone, though he treated her with more than usual tenderness. He was connected, she knew, with many speculations; and she had heard of the failure of one or two houses, whose principals frequently dined at their table. She knew that he had lost at Epson, but of that they had spoken. Mrs Mansfield was too wise to set herself against her husband's amusements. In reality, nothing could give him pleasure without interesting her; and, besides, she dreaded the coldness which so frequently arises in wedded life from the wife playing the monitor instead of the companion—the former destroying, the latter promoting that exchange of feelings and opinions beneficial to both husband and wife. She watched for his return on this particular night with more than her usual anxiety; she had ample cause for this and other feelings. She was less composed than she thought she had ever been before, had less command over herself; and thus it was she wished to have felt that every eye in the house was closed, every ear deaf except her own, when he returned. She could not, however, refuse the old servant's request, though, when the clock had chimed another hour, she felt sorry that he was still watching, as he had done many nights before. Her cousin little imagined, when she poured forth her thoughtless and idle complaints, and dwelt upon her childish grievances,



what was passing in the mind of her who, notwithstanding her own painful and perplexing circumstances, was gentle and wise as ever to counsel and direct her, if she would but have followed her advice. At last, when another and another hour had passed into eternity, laden with the deeds and misdeeds of a thoughtless world, wearied alike with reading and with work, wearied with watching and the heavy thoughts that accompanied it, she lit a taper, and stole silently, as mothers steal, into the nursery. Her boy was not asleep; his hands were hot and feverish; and when he saw her, he sprang up in his little bed, and clasped his arms round her neck. 'I cannot sleep, mamma, I am so hot and thirsty; but I did not like to waken nurse. Take me into your cool room, mamma; do, dear mamma, and I will not wake papa; you see I did not wake nurse.' Madeline was delighted with the child's consideration, and, alarmed at his evident illness, she carried him into her room, and laid him on the bed, while she found him something to drink. 'Where is papa?' inquired the boy; 'the stars are going out, and the sky will soon be red before the sun gets up. Where is papa?'

A loud knock replied to the boy's question; the child drank eagerly; and Mrs Mansfield was hastening across the staircase with him in her arms, when her husband, rushing up stairs, called to her to stop. Mr Mansfield was far too refined to yield to a habit of intoxication, but he was then flushed and unsteady from the effects of wine.

'Is Charles ill?' he inquired.

'He is a little hot and feverish, dear Mansfield,' replied his mother; 'and I think the nursery is too close; he will be better for this little change of air.'

Mr Mansfield stooped to kiss him. 'It is you who are hot, I think,' said the child peevishly, putting up his little hand to push away his father's face; 'your breath is so hot—there, don't kiss me any more;' and he nestled his head on his mother's shoulder.

Mr Mansfield scowled upon both, as Madeline had never seen him do before. 'The child has been taught that,' he said in a most cruel voice.

Madeline raised her eyes to his; she made no reply; nor did a reproachful expression rest upon her features. Their eyes met: it would be impossible to describe her look, so clear, so full of truth. There was evidently a struggle in her husband's mind between his real nature and the occurrences and habits of the present; but his better angel triumphed. He kissed her cheek; she made no allusion to the injustice of his words, but returned his caress as affectionately as if they had not been spoken.

'God will bless you,' he muttered, as he entered the room she had just left; 'God will bless you, Madeline, and forgive me—if He can!'

#### JOTTINGS RESPECTING THE OAK.

THE natural characteristics of the oak have combined to give it importance in the eyes of mankind. The great and impressive size, and the vast age which it reaches, the hardness and durability of its timber, are the most conspicuous of these qualities, and they are such as to place it at the head of all trees, to make it what the lion is among quadrupeds and the eagle among birds—the monarch of its kind. It is a tree of temperate climes only, and England is one of the countries in which it grows to perfection. But although we thus speak of it in the singular number, there are, in reality, three great families of oaks, supposed to include not less than a hundred and fifty described species. The most common in England is the *Quercus Pedunculata*: another celebrated species, quite different in character, is the *Ilex*, which is the oak known to the Greeks and Romans, and connected so remarkably with their superstitions. The oak has been a noted tree in all ages of history, from the period when it shaded Abraham on the plains of Mamre, while receiving the visit of the angels, till now,

when it forms an impenetrable wall around our beloved island.

The tree flowers slightly, but its seed attains to the character of a fruit—the well-known acorn—and this it produces in the greater abundance the older it grows. The name acorn, from *aik* and *corn*, as being a corn or grain produced by the oak, indicates the value in which it was held by our Saxon ancestors, who employed it in feeding swine; and such was the importance attached in those days to *mast*, as this food was called, that woods were estimated by the number of hogs which they could fatten; and, in the survey made at the Conquest, and embodied in Domesday Book, woods of a single hog are enumerated. In years of scarcity, the acorns became a food for the people themselves. Oaks are generally eighteen years old before they yield any fruit, a peculiarity which seems to foretell the vast longevity of the tree, for 'soon ripe and soon rotten' is an adage that holds conspicuously in all departments of the organic world. The oak generally requires sixty or seventy years to attain a considerable size; if placed in a suitable soil, a deep sandy loam, where it can send out its huge roots freely, it will go on increasing, and knowing no decay, for centuries. Its ordinary height in England is from 60 to 80 feet. The largest known in that country is one at Studley Park, Yorkshire, which has attained the amazing height of 118 feet; but the tree is more remarkable for its lateral spread than its upward growth. A stem of Doric proportions usually spreads out into a number of branching arms, which usually become more and more crooked towards their extremities. There are, however, some oaks which have long straight stems, and are less umbrageous. There is a remarkably tall and straight one in the Duke of Portland's park at Welbeck, which has obtained the descriptive name of the Duke's Walking-cane. From the variety of its forms, the oak is highly appreciated by the landscape artist.

According to Mr Loudon, the number of oak forests which formerly existed in Britain is proved by the many names still borne by British towns, which are evidently derived from the word oak, or its variations, *ac*, *ae*, *ok*, *ox*, *wok*, *hok*, and many others. 'The history of the use of the British oak in building, carpentry, and for naval purposes, is necessarily coeval with that of the civilisation of the British islands. The timber found in the oldest buildings is uniformly of oak. Professor Burnet possessed a piece of oak from King John's palace at Eltham, perfectly sound, fine, and strong, which can be traced back upwards of 500 years. The doors of the inner chapels of Westminster Abbey are said to be coeval with the original building; and if by this is meant Sibert's Abbey of Westminster, which was founded in 611, they must be more than 1200 years old. The shrine of Edward the Confessor, which must be nearly 800 years old, since Edward died in 1066, is also of oak. One of the oaken coronation chairs in Westminster Abbey has been in its present situation about 540 years. "In the eastern end of the ancient chapel of St Stephen, in the castle of Winchester, now termed the County Hall, is Arthur's round table, the chief curiosity of the place. It bears the figure of that prince, so famous in the old romances, and the names of several of his knights, Sir Tristram, Sir Gawaine, Sir Gerath, &c. Paulus Jovius, who wrote between 200 and 300 years ago, relates that this table was shown by Henry VIII. to his illustrious visitor the Emperor Charles V., as the actual oaken table made and placed there by the renowned British prince, Arthur, who lived in the early part of the sixth century. Hence the poet Dryden sings—

And so great Arthur's seat old Winchester prefers,  
Whose odd round table yet she vaunteth to be hers.

Some antiquarians, however, state that the tabula rotunda were introduced into this country by Stephen, and believe that the table in question was made by him, which in that case would diminish its age 600 years,

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leaving it, however, above seven centuries to boast of; enough to render it a most valuable and interesting monument. It has been perforated by many bullets, supposed to have been shot by Cromwell's soldiers. The massive tables, paneled wainscots, and ceiling of Morton Hall, Cheshire, the roofs of Christ Church, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, are fine specimens of old oak. In Gloucester Cathedral, also, are thirty-one stalls of rich tabernacle work on either side, little inferior in point of execution to the episcopal throne at Exeter, or to the stalls at Ely, erected in the reign of Edward III., and allowed to be among the finest pieces of carving in wood now remaining in England of that early date. Of about equal age were the carved figures of Edward III. and his queen, Philippa, in the collegiate church and hospital of St Catherine, lately removed from the Tower to St Catherine's newly built church and hospital, in the Regent's Park. The rich carvings in oak which ornamented the king's room in Stirling Castle were executed about 300 years ago, and are many of them still in good preservation in the collections of the curious. In digging away the foundation of the old Savoy Palace, London, which was built upwards of 650 years since, the whole of the piles, many of which were of oak, were found in a state of perfect soundness, as also was the planking which covered the pile heads. Buffon mentions the soundness of the piles of the bridge which the Emperor Trajan built across the Danube, one of which, when taken up, was found to be petrified to the depth of three quarters of an inch, but the rest of the wood was little different from its ordinary state. And of the durability of oak timber, the oldest wooden bridge of which we have any account, namely, that one famous from its defence by Horatius Cocles, and which existed at Rome in the reign of Ancus Marcius, 500 years before Christ, might be given as another example. The piles which supported the buttresses, and immense uncouth starlings which confined the water-way, and so greatly disfigured old London Bridge, were some of them of oak; and I [Professor Burnet] have a specimen of one, which is far from being in a rotten state; and the still older piles on which the bridge piers rested were also in a very strong and sound condition; nay, those stakes which it is said the ancient Britons drove into the bed of the Thames to impede the progress of Julius Caesar, near Otlands, in Surrey, some of which have been removed for examination, have withstood the destroyer time nearly 2000 years."

Although there are difficulties in ascertaining the age attained by particular trees, it seems to be made tolerably clear that some oaks have existed in England for periods varying between five hundred and a thousand years. Mr Loudon gives an account of the most remarkable circumstances gathered from history and tradition. "The Fairlop oak stood in an open space in Hainault Forest [Essex]. The circumference of its trunk, near the ground, was 48 feet; at three feet high, it measured 36 feet round; and the short bole divided into eleven vast branches, not in the horizontal manner usual in the oak, but rather with the rise that is more generally characteristic of the beech. These boughs, several of which were from 10 to 12 feet in girth, overspread an area 300 feet in circuit; and for many years a fair was held beneath their shade, no booth of which was allowed to extend beyond it. This celebrated festival owed its origin to the eccentricity of Daniel Day, commonly called Good Day, who, about 1720, was wont to invite his friends to dine with him, the first Friday in July, on beans and bacon, under this venerable tree. From this circumstance becoming known, the public were attracted to the spot, and about 1725 the fair above-mentioned was established, and was held for many years on the 2d of July in each year. Mr Day never failed to provide annually several sacks of beans, which he distributed, with a proportionate quantity of bacon, from the hollowed trunk of the oak, to the crowds as-

sembled. The project of its patron tended greatly, however, to injure his favourite tree; and the orgies annually celebrated to the honour of the Fairlop Oak, yearly curtailed it of its fair proportions. Some years ago, Mr Forsyth's composition was applied to the decayed branches of this tree, to preserve it from future injury; probably by the Hainault Archery Society, who held their meetings near it. At this period a board was affixed to one of the limbs of the tree, with this inscription:—"All good foresters are requested not to hurt this old tree, a plaster having been lately applied to his wounds." Mr Day had his coffin made of one of the limbs of this tree, which was torn off in a storm; and dying in 1767, at the age of 84, he was buried in it in Barking churchyard. The persons assembled at the fair frequently mutilated the tree; and it was severely injured by some gipsies, who made its trunk their place of shelter. But the most fatal injury it received was in 1805, from a party of about sixty cricketers, who had spent the day under its shade, and who carelessly left a fire burning too near its trunk. The tree was discovered to be on fire about eight in the evening, two hours after the cricketers had left the spot; and though a number of persons, with buckets and pails of water, endeavoured to extinguish the flames, the tree continued burning till morning. "The high winds of February 1820," Professor Burnet informs us, "stretched this forest patriarch on the ground, after having endured the storms of perhaps a thousand winters. Its remains were purchased by a builder, and from a portion thereof the pulpit and reading-desk in the new church, St Pancras, were constructed: they are beautiful specimens of British oak, and will long preserve the recollection of this memorable tree."

Another of these historical trees is the Abbot's Oak at Woburn Abbey, 'a low pollard-like tree,' says Mr Loudon, 'with nothing remarkable in its appearance, though the associations connected with it are extremely interesting. On the branches of this tree, according to Stowe and other historians, exactly three centuries ago, the abbot and prior of Woburn, the vicar of Puddington, and "other contumacious persons," were hanged by order of Henry VIII. Dods, in his Church History of England, states that Roger Hobbs, the abbot of Woburn at that time, "nobly disdaining to compromise his conscience for a pension, as most of his brethren did, and as many others who do not wear a cowl do at the present day, resolutely denied the king's supremacy, and refused to surrender his sacerdotal rights. For this contumacious conduct he was, in 1537, together with the vicar of Puddington, in this county [Bedfordshire], and others who opposed the requisition, hanged on an oak-tree in front of the monastery, which is standing in the present day [1742]. He was drawn to the place of execution on a sledge, as is the custom with state prisoners." We saw this tree in September 1836, and found it in perfect health, though with few arms that would be considered large enough for the purpose to which the tree was once applied. On a board nailed to the tree are painted the following lines, written by J. W. Wiffin, Esq.:-

Oh, 'twas a ruthless deed! enough to pale  
Freedom's bright fires, that doomed to shameful death  
Those who maintained their faith with latest breath,  
And scorned before the despot's frown to quail.  
Yet 'twas a glorious hour, when from the goal  
Of papal tyranny the mind of man  
Dared to break loose, and triumphed in the ban  
Of thunders roaring in the distant gale!  
Yes, old memorial of the mitred monk,  
Thou liv'st to flourish in a brighter day,  
And seem'st to smile, that pure and potent vows  
Are breathed where superstition reigned: thy trunk  
Its glad green garland wears, though in decay,  
And glad green hang heavy on thy time-stained boughs."

'In Windsor Forest, there are several celebrated oaks: one of these, the King Oak, is said to have been a favourite tree of William the Conqueror, who made this a royal forest, and enacted laws for its preservation. This oak, which stands near the enclosure of Cran-

bourne, is 26 feet in circumference at three feet from the ground. It is supposed to be the largest and oldest oak in Windsor Forest, being above 1000 years old. It is quite hollow: the space within is from 7 feet to 8 feet in diameter, and the entrance is about 4½ feet high and 2 feet wide. "We lunched in it," says Professor Burnet, "September 2, 1829: it would accommodate at least twenty persons with standing-room, and ten or twelve might sit down comfortably to dinner. I think, at Willis's and in Guildhall, I have danced a quadrille in a smaller space." Queen Anne's Oak, says Professor Burnet, "is a tree of uncommon height and beauty, under which tradition says that Queen Anne, who often hunted in Windsor Forest, generally came to mount her horse." The tree is marked by a brass plate; and there is an engraving of it in Burgess's *Eldondendron*. "Pope's Oak, in Binfeld Wood, Windsor Forest, has the words 'Here Pope sang' inscribed upon it. Queen Charlotte's Oak is a very beautiful pollard, of prodigious size, which stands in Windsor Forest in an elevated situation, commanding a fine view of the country round Maidenhead. It was a favourite tree of Queen Charlotte's, and George IV. had a brass plate with her name fixed on it." Herne's Oak, in Windsor Park, has been immortalised by Shakespeare; and the remains of its trunk were lately 24 feet in circumference. Herne was a keeper in the forest some time before the reign of Elizabeth; he hanged himself on this oak, from the dread of being disgraced for some offence which he had committed, and his ghost was believed to haunt the spot. The following account of this tree is given in that very entertaining work, Jesse's *Gleanings*:—"The next interesting tree, however, at Windsor, for there can be little doubt of its identity, is the celebrated Herne's Oak. There is, indeed, a story prevalent in the neighbourhood respecting its destruction. It was stated to have been felled by command of his late majesty, George III., about fifty years ago (1784), under peculiar circumstances. The whole story, the details of which it is unnecessary to enter upon, appeared so improbable, that I have taken some pains to ascertain the inaccuracy of it, and have now every reason to believe that it is perfectly unfounded. Herne's Oak is probably still standing; at least there is a tree which some old inhabitants of Windsor consider as such, and which their fathers did before them—the best proof, perhaps, of its identity. In following the footpath which leads from the Windsor road to Queen Adelaide's Lodge, in the Little Park, about half-way on the right, a dead tree may be seen close to an avenue of elms. This is what is pointed out as Herne's Oak; I can almost fancy it the very picture of death. Not a leaf, not a particle of vitality, appears about it. The hunter must have blasted it. It stretches out its bare and sapless branches like the skeleton arms of some enormous giant, and is almost fearful in its decay. None of the delightful associations connected with it have, however, vanished; nor is it difficult to fancy it as the scene of Falstaff's distress, and the pranks of the 'Merry Wives.'" Mr Jesse adds, that the last acorn, as he believes, of Herne's oak, was given to the late Sir David Dundas of Richmond, and was planted by him on his estate in Wales, where it now flourishes, with a suitable inscription near it.

The hugest oak of which we find any notice was one called Damory's Oak, in Dorsetshire, measuring 68 feet in circumference: it has long been among the things that were. The largest one living seems to be the Merton Oak, in Norfolk, 63 feet in circumference. But the space of ground covered by some oaks is not less wonderful. The Three-shire Oak, near Worksop, so called from its shading part of the three counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby, 'dripped over 777 square yards! An oak between Newnham Courtney and Clifton shaded a circumference of 560 yards of ground, under which 2420 men might have commodiously taken shelter. The immense Spread Oak in Worksop Park, near the white gate, gave an extent, between the ends

of its opposite branches, of 180 feet. It dripped over an area of nearly 3000 square yards, which is above half an acre, and would have afforded shelter to a regiment of nearly 1000 horse. The Oakley Oak, now growing on an estate of the Duke of Bedford, has a head of 110 feet in diameter. The oak called Robur Britannicum, in the park at Rycote, is said to have been extensive enough to cover 5000 men; and at Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, the native village of the hero Wallace, there is still standing the large oak tree, among the branches of which it is said that he and 300 of his men hid themselves from the English. "The Duke's Walking-stick, in Welbeck Park, was higher than the roof of Westminster Abbey. The long oaken table in Dudley Castle (a single plank cut out of the trunk of an oak growing in the neighbourhood) measured considerably longer than the bridge that crosses the lake in the Regent's Park; and the famous roof of Westminster Hall, the span of which is among the greatest ever built without pillars, is little more than one-third the width of the Workshop Spread Oak, the branches of which would reach over Westminster Hall, placed on either side of its trunk, and have nearly 32 feet to spare; and its extent is nearly 30 feet more than the length, and almost four times the width of Guildhall in the city of London. The rafters of Westminster Hall roof, though without pillars, have massive walls on each side to support them; but the tree boughs, of 16 feet more extent, are sustained at one end only. Architects, who know the stress a staircase of even 8 or 10 feet in width has upon the wall into which the side is built, can alone fairly estimate the excessive purchase which branches on either side, spanning from outbough to outbough 180 feet, must have on the central trunk."

[This paper affords us an opportunity of advertizing to the recently deceased Mr Loudon, the author of the noble work from whose pages its information has been chiefly derived. Mr Loudon was a native of Scotland, one of that numerous class of her sons who go forth into the world to reflect back honour on her educational institutions, and teach lessons of perseverance and self-denial to other nations. By the force of his own abilities mainly, he rose to be the first writer on horticultural subjects, and the highest authority as a landscape artist, in the country; and rarely has the world known a more industrious author. His *Encyclopædies of Gardening, Agriculture, and Architecture*, are huge volumes, involving each an enormous amount of information. The periodical works which he conducted, the *Gardeners' Magazine*, *Magazine of Natural History*, and *Magazine of Architecture*, are also works embracing no small amount of labour on the part of their editor. But all of these sink into something like insignificance beside the magnificent *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*, a book consisting of four thick octavos of letter-press, illustrated by two thousand five hundred cuts, and four thinner volumes containing additional engravings (wood and lithographs), upon which Mr Loudon concentrated the entire powers of his mind, and the whole collected results of his industry and experience, as well as all the pecuniary means which he had amassed in the course of a frugal life, amounting, we understand, to ten thousand pounds. It is a work which completely exhausts its subject. Every tree and shrub that grows in our soil, including the multitudes introduced within the last fifty years, is here treated without stint as to its history, its natural character, and its culture, so that the most ignorant can be at no loss to understand. Such an amount of labour, flowing from one devoted mind, whether we consider it as prompted by the love of fame, or by motives more domestic, it is almost affecting to contemplate. Such at least was our feeling, on lately becoming acquainted



with it, and the sentiment was deepened when we reflected that these exertions were made under the pressure of many bodily ills, and had hurried our unfortunate author to a grave in some degree premature, and while yet pressed by debts incurred on account of this very monument of his genius. If ever literary man deserved of his country, it was Mr Loudon, and if ever such deserts formed a claim in behalf of those left behind, they do so in the case of Mrs Loudon and her daughter. We earnestly hope that this claim will be duly supported, and that no consideration will intervene to prevent its being admitted in proper quarters.]

## SUMMER LOITERINGS IN FRANCE.

SELLES TO TOURS.

Our lodging for the night, it will be recollected, was in Selles-sur-Cher, which I have hinted to be an old-fashioned, half-decayed town, which anybody can see from end to end in half an hour. With little imposing to look at in the place, we loitered about its ill-paved principal street to seek what was not to be found—amusement. Going about in this kind of way, and, for lack of better employment, scrutinising the nature of the goods in the shop windows, we had occasion to notice—what had often before attracted our attention in French country towns—the number of blacksmiths' shops. This is a remarkable feature in every French town and village. We counted five or six of these shops in Selles, which for size might, according to English notions, afford employment for only one or two. It is odd how a barbarous national policy strikes one in every quarter. The greater number of these blacksmith establishments find encouragement in making and supplying locks, hinges, keys, and similar articles, to the neighbouring population. On passing the wide open window of one of these country blacksmiths, you will see a stout son of Vulcan busily engaged in filing and polishing such a thing as the key of a drawer or cabinet, while another will be working at a bolt or lock, and the sum necessarily charged for any one of these, clumsy as it may be, is considerably greater than that for which a similar article could be furnished by a Birmingham manufacturer. The honest souls at Selles, I imagine, know nothing of political economy; and if they did, perhaps they would not be much nearer being allowed to purchase cheap locks and keys instead of dear ones. We remarked, in our loungings here, as elsewhere, another feature of French country-town life; this was aged women sitting at their doors spinning with the distaff. The scene was generally picturesque, and conveyed impressions of a simple state of manners, as well as of extreme poverty. In a situation where time is not of the slightest marketable value, such practices are of course not open to the same animadversions as that of fabricating ironmongery at two hundred per cent. above what it can be purchased for from a neighbouring nation. Thus, the disease of utter incapacity to buy, which afflicts a vast mass of every continental people, forms a serious barrier to many projects of trade in that direction.

As we rode down the valley of the Cher, keeping that fine Tweed-like river on our left, we were afforded an opportunity of noticing French country-town and village life on a somewhat primitive scale. Having passed St Aignan, an ancient town on the face of a hill on the further side of the Cher, where manufactures of some kind are carried on, we approached Montrichard, and hereabouts commences a curious peculiarity in the landscape. The hilly range which descends to near the Cher, leaving little more than space for the road, is generally clothed with vines, which grow in great luxuriance, in consequence of the thin nature of the soil, and the fair exposure to the glare of the mid-day sun. The odd thing about the district is, that the greater number of the peasantry inhabit houses excavated in the face of the vine-clad hill. This hill must be considered a perfect mine of wealth. On a level with the road, it is here

and there perforated by a carriage-way leading to internal quarries, whence are dragged blocks of yellow sandstone to the banks of the river, and sent upon their travels in barges waiting for their reception. Generally, at a little higher level, or perhaps thirty feet up the sloping bank, the rural population inhabit dwellings in caverns cut out of the rock. The only parts of the dwellings which are visible are of course the front rocky walls, with the doors and windows, and these are upon no uniform plan. The interiors consist for the most part of but a single vaulted apartment, with a fireplace in the side, and from which a chimney is dug upwards to the face of the hill above. The tops of chimneys straggling among the vines, with which the hill is clothed, have, as may be supposed, a singular appearance. The greater number of the cottages, as these cavernous houses must be called, are provided with a draw-well outside the door; and with usually small gardens in front, they do not convey an air of discomfort, though, as far as I could observe, they are the abodes of a poor and drudging race of beings. Adjoining the cottages, and sometimes lower down, are cellars also excavated in the rock for keeping the wines of the district. Receptacles of this kind, and also excavated cottages, wherever the nature of the rock admits of their being formed, continue from this quarter down the valley of the Cher as far as we went, and were also seen for many miles on the banks of the Loire.

Turning and winding down the green valley of the Cher, with frequent objects to attract our attention—such as a semi-subterranean village, a castle on a height, or an old decayed town—we at length came upon a more open and meadowy part, tufted with trees of a respectable antiquity, from amongst which peeped the turrets of an edifice which it was the special object of our journey in this direction to visit—the chateau de Chenonceaux. Leaving our voiture at as neat a little country inn as we could wish to see, in the village of Chenonceaux, we proceeded on foot down an old-fashioned avenue to this interesting relic of a past age, of which I will do my best to give the reader an idea.

Valençay, as I formerly mentioned, is considered a fine example of the old ducal chateau of France; but its interior is modernised. So is almost that of every old castle or palace in existence. Now, the charm of Chenonceaux is, that it is within, as well as without, a genuine old chateau, being at the present day in the same state, and having the same furniture and decorations, as in the days of the immortal François Premier, who built it somewhat more than three hundred years ago. It is not every day that one sees such a vision rising from ages long since forgotten by all except the historian.

The avenue down which we have been sauntering unheeded, on green sward smooth to the feet, and sheltered by leafy trees from the rays of the sun, brings us first to a kind of moat, across which we are ushered into a green court surrounded with low walls, and decorated with boxes of exotic plants. On our right, in passing onwards, is a round tower, the house of the concierge, or keeper, where we are met by that personage, a decent female domestic. We need say nothing; she knows what we want, and forthwith conveys us to the great doorway in front of the edifice before us. The pile is striking and beautiful, full of points and pinnacles, with sharp roofs, highly decorated tall chimneys, and numerous ornaments; but what is most surprising, it is built on a bridge across the Cher—or, more properly, it is the bridge itself. No part of the edifice rests on the mainland. The approach to the doorway is across a bridge of two arches, and the building stands on five massive piers, with as many arches, beneath which flows the massive current of the river. The bulk of the house, however, is on the first and broadest archway and its supporting piers, the remainder behind being a more narrow, as well as more modern structure, of only two storeys, the lower forming a long gallery, at the further end of which a door opens on the lawn

on the south side of the Cher. The proprietor of this singularly situated chateau is M. le Comte de Ville-neuve, who resides here constantly with his lady, both being ardent lovers of rural life, and cultivators, in a small way, of the silk-worm and its produce.

The first part of the house we enter is the hall, a large and lofty apartment on the left of the lobby or outer hall. With floors of smooth oak, walls hung with stamped cloth, a kind of coarse precursor of flock paper, and decorated with old armour, also with a huge fireplace, and massive table, we have before us an exact realisation of the great hall or common apartment of ancient times. At an inner corner of the hall, a doorway and passage lead us into a small inner room, perhaps the most curious in the house; for we are told it was the private retiring room of Francis I., and the distinguished personages who came after him. Here is shown, among other curiosities, some exceedingly interesting old cabinets and chairs, the drinking-glass of François Premier, and a mirror which had been used by Mary Queen of Scots, when she resided a short time here (1558) with her husband, Francis II. A very interesting old chapel, occupying a front angle of the building, is adjoining. In the floor above, we are conducted through the bedroom of Diana of Poitiers, and also that of Catherine de Medicis. Both are fine specimens of ancient sleeping apartments—furnished with old satin-covered chairs, silk hangings, and antique couches. The doors here, as well as in the rooms below, are shrouded with screens of tapestry, which are drawn aside on entrance. All the floors are of smooth and darkened oak; and as no such thing as a carpet is visible, the aspect, on the whole, is more that of frigid elegance than of either convenience or comfort. While the lower gallery, which projects across the bridge, is occupied with pictures and busts, the upper contains a small theatre for dramatic performances. This, however, is a modern heresy, being an introduction during last century by Rousseau, while that half-mad dramatist lived for a short time as secretary to M. Dupin, once possessor of the house; and here he managed to perform for the first time one of his operatic pieces. What a silent and blank appearance has the little blue-coloured theatre, with its half-decayed stage and spectral side-wings, in the present day! But an old deserted theatre in daylight is always one of the most melancholy of earthly spectacles.

In the lower part of the chateau, the antique house-keeping arrangements are as interesting as those above. The kitchen, larders, and other necessary accommodations, are in a great measure constructed in the piers of the bridge, and being all according to an old taste, afford a good idea of what was required in the culinary department in past times. On leaving the chateau, there is pointed out to us a range of offices on our left, once used by Rousseau in certain philosophical researches here pursued by him. The apparatus he employed—air-pumps, retorts, and mechanical powers, &c.—has been presented to the public museum at Tours, where we afterwards saw it.

Since the days of its royal founder, this princely chateau has been a permanent or temporary residence to a succession of historical characters. From the crown it passed into the family of Vendome, was next sold to the Dukes of Bourbon, and by them sold, in 1733, to Dupin, the eminent farmer-general, and an encourager of learning, during whose era it was the resort of many eminent personages, including Buffon, Voltaire, Rousseau, St Pierre, Fontenelle, and Lord Bolingbroke. At the revolutionary storm which burst upon France in 1793, Chenonceaux escaped the fate of other mansions equally noble, in consequence of the respect entertained for its venerable mistress and inhabitant, Madame Dupin, whose kindness to the surrounding peasantry was remembered when all laws and restraints were forgotten or trampled under foot. To this happy circumstance is the world indebted for the possession of Chenonceaux, with all its internal decorations and antiquities.

From the village of Chenonceaux and its tree-embowered chateau, we proceeded in the afternoon by way of Bléré towards Amboise on the Loire, which we reached after a ride disagreeable only from the excessive heat. At Amboise, where we remained a day, little is to be seen. The town, which is old and unimproved, is situated on the south bank of the river, and is connected with the bank on the north by means of an ancient stone-bridge reaching to an island in the Loire, and a wooden-bridge beyond. This island is about a mile in length, the upper part of it well covered with trees, and the lower part with a mean collection of houses—a suburb of the town. The only object of attraction at Amboise is its ancient castle, a lofty building of the castellated palace order, with a high rampart, which is boldly planted on a knoll overlooking the town. As a royal residence, Amboise has been the scene of divers historical movements; latterly, it has been greatly repaired and improved by Louis Philippe, and is at present inhabited. One of the king's most remarkable improvements has been the forming of two inclined tunnels from the base to the top of the building, by which carriages and horses may ascend directly from a point in the town near the bridge, instead of pursuing a more distant path. The view over the town, the Loire, and surrounding country, from the castle rampart and gardens, is very beautiful; and here, within the gardens, the visitor will contemplate with pleasure the restoration of a small chapel dedicated to St Hubert. It is of a highly florid style of Gothic architecture, profusely covered with miniature figures of men and animals, illustrative of pious and historical legends. The restoration of this pretty little edifice is only one of a hundred similar acts of munificence of the present king of the French—castles, cathedrals, palaces, and chapels, rising everywhere from a dilapidated condition to their original beauty, through the efficacy of his purse and influence.

Our descent of the Loire from Amboise was performed in another of the small iron steamers called the Inexplosibles. We reached Tours after a voyage of four hours, passing in our course banks somewhat more bold than we had formerly seen, and in some parts perforated with that curious kind of cavernous dwellings and wine vaults which we had seen on the Cher.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### NIGHT ASYLUMS.

NIGHT asylums for the poor—by which is meant charitable establishments where the otherwise houseless are provided with shelter and food for a single night—have now been on trial for several years in Glasgow and Edinburgh, to the obvious relief of many thousands of persons, no small proportion of whom are worthy objects of benevolence; nor have we ever heard that any evil can be detected as arising from, or being connected with them. In such circumstances, it has afforded us gratification to observe that such an establishment has been tried at Selkirk, a country town of from two to three thousand inhabitants. It was commenced in February 1843, and early in December, it was stated that 1833 persons had been received into it, at an expense of little more than twenty-four pounds, the further sum of ten guineas having been expended in previously fitting it up. This is about threepence each person for shelter and two meals—for such, we should suppose, is the arrangement here as elsewhere. The inhabitants find that this little institution has not only done much good amongst the poor, but has gone a great way to suppress begging in the town and neighbourhood.

It may be worthy of consideration for those who at once would promote the comfort of their less fortunate fellow-creatures, and do what wisdom may suggest for the better regulation of all the affairs of poverty, whether the example of Selkirk is not worthy of being imitated in other towns? We are inclined to think that such

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establishments are fully as necessary in country towns as in large cities; but in both situations, we think they might be susceptible of a new and very important feature. The whole case of the wandering humble classes requires to be taken into consideration. At all times, a vast number of poor persons of decent character are going about in search of employment, or in the hope of bettering their circumstances in some laudable manner. There is also a vast horde of wanderers who either are demoralised persons, or approaching to that character. At present, individuals of both classes are promiscuously gathered in mean lodging-houses, where the good are liable to be corrupted by the evil communications of the bad, and all are huddled together in circumstances grievously wanting in decency, as well as cleanliness; ventilation being also greatly deficient. These lodging-houses are, indeed, described as in general centres of vice and disease, to a degree which it is painful to reflect upon. At the same time, they are not really economical places of shelter for the poor. Now, might there not be an improved kind of lodging-houses provided by the charitable and wise of the more fortunate classes? Let a night asylum not only offer its shelter, its bare board and blanket, and its two humble meals, to the absolutely destitute, with the benefit of a separation of the worthy from the vicious, but also present softer accommodations to the wanderers who can pay for them, where a man or woman, or family of decent character, might not necessarily come in contact with the base of either sex, and decency would be secured by simple arrangements. From the experience of night asylums, as at present conducted, we believe such accommodations might be afforded at a rate considerably within that of the pest-houses where the wandering poor are at present huddled together.

We are glad to observe that a *Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the industrious classes* is about to commence operations, under respectable auspices; professing to have for its leading object, 'to enable the labouring man to procure a comfortable, cleanly, and healthy habitation at a less expense than is at present paid for very inferior and unhealthy accommodation, arising from want of ventilation, bad drainage, and the crowded state of the apartments.' 'To effect this,' says the prospectus, 'it is proposed to erect, 1st, dormitories for single men, or large rooms divided into compartments, with a separate bed to each occupier, which could be afforded at as low a rate as is paid at present by each person when three or four sleep in one bed; 2d, well-drained and ventilated buildings, to be let to families in sets of rooms, with an ample supply of water on each floor.' It is contemplated that the charges, low as they are, will yield a return for the outlay of capital. Should such be the case, might not a night asylum equally afford lodging for briefer periods at such rates as, while a boon to the poor, would yet make such a return, as to aid in a small degree the eleemosynary part of the establishment?

These matters are, we think, worthy of the attention of individuals who feel an interest in the condition of the humbler classes.

#### HIGH PRICE OF BOOKS.

Mr Frederick Hill, Inspector of Prisons for Scotland, in his eighth report on those prisons, recently published, says, 'Among the very best books for a prison, I would class Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales and Parents' Assistant*, the stories being admirably true to nature, perfectly free from objectionable matter, containing a vast fund of practical wisdom applicable to the everyday concerns of people in all ranks of life, and each carrying with it a high moral purpose. But, unfortunately, the price of these books is so high as to exclude them from most prisons; and even in the larger prisons, it is not possible to have more than one or two copies.'

In the particular report on the Dundee prison, Mr Hill further says: 'The governor stated that a young man, who was some time ago committed for taking part

in a riot about wages, and who is still in prison, appeared, when he first came, to be puffed up with a high opinion of himself and of his own knowledge; but that, since he came in contact with Mr Lindsay (the chaplain and instructor), he had become very modest in his demeanour, and that he was now working well, and conducting himself very satisfactorily. The governor said also that he had himself given this young man a number of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* to read, containing an article on the duty of obedience to the laws, and that when the prisoner had perused it, he declared that, if he had read that paper a few months earlier, he should not then have been in prison.'

Do not these two extracts from Mr Hill's report powerfully prove the utility of low or moderate prices for literary productions? We do not blame Miss Edgeworth for the high price of her books. We have reason to believe that it is not her fault, but that of her publishers. Is it not then lamentable that books so well calculated to do good amongst the humbler orders, and more particularly among those in whose moral correction the whole public has so great an interest, should be left, as it were, 'to waste their sweetness on the desert air,' in consequence of a prohibition-price being put upon them? Authors and the world at large are strangely insensible to the effects of high prices for books. It limits the mission of a book to a degree which, if seen in its full extent, would be startling. It seems to us to be an absurdity precisely such as it would be to place officers at the door of every church in the country, who should allow no person whatever to enter without paying half-a-crown. How far congregations would be limited by such a practice, we need not say; but it would not be more so than are the audiences of authors in consequence of the enormous prices of their books. Some books, indeed, are taken into reading-clubs and circulating libraries: this may be held as equivalent to admitting a few persons at sixpence each to the space between the ceilings and roofs of the churches, to hear as well as they could through the ventilators! The important point is to enable a man to become the possessor of a book, so that he may read it when and as often as he pleases or may find convenience.

We regret to think that there is little appearance of a tendency in literary men to come into these views. The inclination seems rather to lie the contrary way. Of late years, the public has shown in the most unequivocal way that, if books really to its taste were presented at moderate prices, it would buy, and that largely. Perhaps more striking evidences of this fact could not be produced than the success of various books which we have issued as *People's Editions*, in a plain style of typography, and at correspondingly moderate prices. Within the last four or five years, we have thus disposed, of a *Tour in Holland*, by W. Chambers (1s. 6d.), 10,000 copies; of a new translation of *Lamartine's Travels in the Holy Land* (3s. 9d.), 10,000 copies; of a new translation of *Guizot's History of Civilisation* (1s. 4d.), 13,000 copies; of *Jackson's Treatise on Agriculture* (2s. 3d.), 7000 copies; of *Stories of Irish Peasantry*, by Mrs S. C. Hall (1s. 9d.), 10,000 copies; and so on with about a dozen other works, original or newly translated, each with sales of from four to ten thousand copies. Now, one material reason for these large sales is clearly the low price of the works, for by that means they come within the reach of thousands of individuals having a taste for reading, yet who can at no time command above one or two shillings for a book, however desirable be its possession. Stinted of original works at moderate prices, the bulk of the reading community are obliged to take up with reprints furnished by a comparatively humble but far from useless class of publishers—so far, that they may be considered as doing an important service to the community, by furnishing literature in almost the only shape in which it can be procured. But all such books of a past day are necessarily more or less out of harmony with existing tastes; the public looks with indifference

on the offer of *Rasselas* and the *Simple Story*, when its wishes are pointing to the last novel of Bulwer. What matters it to the people that they may have a cheap copy of Falconer's *Shipwreck*, when they want to become a little acquainted with Wordsworth? The books calculated, by the taste in which they are written, and their novelty, to meet with an extensive demand, are withheld, and twenty cheap libraries of reprints will not make up for the deficiency. The modified success of these reprints only shows how gladly the people would buy books more to their taste if they could be got. Hitherto, in America, modern British books have been republished at cheap prices, and have met with large sales, though we may suppose they were not in all instances so well adapted to the taste of that country as to our own. These reprints have also been introduced in large quantity into Canada. The law now forbids the Canadians to have them, and Mr Murray of London, with the best intentions, offers these colonists, instead, a cheap library of reprints mostly old, but containing a few that are new. The Canadians, however, have already shown that it is not old, but new books, that they want. Mr Murray's reprints will only succeed in the degree in which our own People's Editions and other cheap libraries of the last few years have succeeded, and that will be equivalent to the measure of the suitability of the books to modern taste. Should the American congress go a step further, and establish a copyright in British books in their own country, there too shall we see this craving of the public starved. It is not unlikely that, of many of the best productions of English intellect, more copies will then be sold in France, Russia, and other continental countries, where they are not of course generally understood, than in the whole range of countries where the English language is spoken, and this simply because they can be had on the continent at reasonable prices, but not in those regions to which, by language, taste, and every essential peculiarity, they might be presumed to be best adapted.

All this is not saying that the authors of English books are not entitled to remuneration from the productions of their brains—although we by no means sympathise in the clamours about American 'pirates' of authors, many of whom would be found unwilling to admit the American people to any one brotherly right or claim in our commerce which could be withheld from them; neither are we quite sure that the best way in which nations can remunerate their most gifted sons, is to give them a right which operates in the bad way in which all monopolies must ever operate. But it appears to us most decidedly, from all which has been stated, that the present system of prices for new books of all kinds is altogether an error; and till it is rectified, there will be a tendency in Canada to smuggle from the States, and a success in this country for cheap literature even of inferior or antiquated taste—just as high duties on brandy at the custom-house cause a considerable running of the contraband article on the Sussex coast, and a considerable manufacture of 'British' in London—while, at the same time, the public intellect is only half or a fourth fed with its favourite aliment, and literary men are half or a fourth starved likewise—as they ought to be.

#### THE CRANBERRY.

THERE are two species of this plant, the fruit of which is now so very largely employed as a kitchen article for tarts, and as a cheap and effective antiscorbutic among seamen. The common cranberry (*Oxycoccus palustris*) grows wild in upland marshes and turf-bogs both in England and Scotland, and generally over the northern parts of Europe. It is a trailing plant, with slender shrubby shoots, which are clothed with small linear leaves; the fruit is an austere red berry, about the size of the common currant. It flourishes by the sides of little rills, and not among stagnant

water, as its botanical name would imply; hence the difficulty of making it an article of culture. The Russian cranberries of the shops are produced by this species, and are so abundant in some localities, that the snow is stained crimson by the berries crushed to pieces by the passage of sledges over them. They are not gathered till after the disappearance of winter, so that those brought from the Baltic are always the crop of the preceding year. Before our own bogs and mosses were so extensively subjected to drainage and cultivation, cranberries were gathered in large quantities; and it is stated, that at Langton on the borders of Cumberland, they were once so considerable an article of commerce, that at the season from L.20 to L.30's worth were sold by the poor people each market day, for five or six weeks together. Cultivation has, however, changed this order of things, and the cranberry is seldom to be met with unless in the fens of Norfolk and Lincoln, in some of the border wilds, and in the mosses of the Scotch Highlands.

The American cranberry (*Oxycoccus macrocarpus*) closely resembles the common species, but is a larger and more luxurious plant. Its fruit is also larger, and of a longish shape; hence the term *macrocarpus*, long-fruited. It is imported from the United States in considerable quantity, and used for the same purposes as the other, only it is considered to be of inferior quality. The American cranberry, though growing wild in great abundance, is a plant of easy culture; and in some parts of the United States, barren wastes, meadows, and coarse herbage are converted into profitable cranberry fields at little expense. Any meadow, it is said, will answer for their growth. They grow well on sandy bogs; and if these are covered with brushwood, the bushes should be cleared away; but it is not necessary to remove rushes, as the strong roots of the cranberry soon overpower them. Some old cultivators plough the land previous to planting; the latter process being performed by digging holes, four feet distant each way, to receive the roots of the young plants. In three years the whole ground is covered with the vines; and an acre in full-bearing will often produce two hundred bushels, which bring about one dollar per bushel in the American market.

The cultivation of the American cranberry in our own country was first recommended by Sir Joseph Banks, and several gardeners have been so successful in the attempt, that this berry may now be regarded as one of our cultivated fruits. 'Wherever there is a pond,' says Neill, 'the margin may, at a trifling expense, be fitted for the culture of this plant, and it will continue productive for many years. All that is necessary is to drive in a few stakes, two or three feet from the margin of the pond, and to place some old boards within these, so as to prevent the soil of the cranberry-bed from falling into the water; then to lay a parcel of small stones or rubbish into the bottom, and over it peat or bog-earth, to the depth of about three inches above, and seven inches below, the usual surface of the water. In such a situation the plants grow readily; and if a few be put in, they entirely cover the bed in a year or two, by means of their long runners, which take root at different points. From a very small space, a very large quantity of cranberries may be gathered, and they prove a remarkably regular crop, scarcely affected by the state of the weather, and not subject to the attacks of insects.' Although a moist situation is best suited to the plant, yet, with a proper mixture of bog-earth or mud, it will flourish, producing abundant crops, even in a comparatively dry soil. It is seldom, however, that the imported berries being so easily and cheaply procured.

What are called *Scotch* cranberries are not the fruit of an *oxycoccus*, but that of the *vaccinium vitis idæa*. This plant, according to Loudon, produces fruit quite a fit for tarts and marmalade as any of the others; while it is of the easiest possible culture, in either dry or moist peat, requiring, indeed, no attention for years, and is

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more certain and abundant bearer than either the common or long-fruited cranberries above-mentioned. All the varieties of cranberry have a peculiar flavour, and a sharp acid agreeable taste; but the Russian berry possesses these qualities in greatest perfection. It is said that some very fine ones have recently been brought from New South Wales; and it is more than probable that they flourish in the southern temperate and antarctic regions, as well as in the northern. The cranberry is an easily preserved fruit, and will continue in flavour for many years. Britain imports from 35,000 to 40,000 gallons annually.

#### MR HOOD'S 'WHIMSICALITIES.\*

MANY great men have failed in giving a true definition of wit; but had they lived to know Mr Hood and his works, they would at least have found a correct exemplification of it. 'Wit,' says Locke, 'lies most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy.' Locke was manifestly aware that this did not wholly define wit; for he says it lies most (not altogether) in the assemblage of ideas, &c.; and Addison's Spectator, commenting on the passage, adds, 'that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such a one that gives delight and surprise to the reader.' From the materials thus supplied, Dean Swift wrought out a short, but full and conclusive definition, which may be taken as the true one. 'Wit,' he says, 'is the apt association of incongruous ideas.' Now, this is precisely what is found in Mr Hood's writings. Though many authors possess the tact to throw together, and place in odd contrast, ideas of the most dissimilar kind, few have shown the skill of Hood in felicitously combining such remote associations with sufficient intimacy to make them appear alike and relative. By slightly twisting the signification of a single expression, he sometimes makes it form a link which seems to connect ideas of the most opposite character.

Mr Hood began his career as a punster. His first successful hit was, if we mistake not, a couple of pages of puns, which appeared some twenty years ago in Blackwood's Magazine. From playing on words—the first, because the easiest lesson con ned by apprentices in wit—Hood improved his talents to playing upon ideas, which, when well done, is the perfection of joking; and in his 'Comic Annuals' and other works, prose as well as poetic, he has reached to an eminence in that art, to which no lesser genius has dared to aspire. It is alleged that Mr Hood is deficient in broad and laughter-stirring humour—the raw material of wit; but his accomplishments as a comic writer place him in the first rank of authorcraft, and, what is infinitely better, he is an amiable and large-hearted man. We have much pleasure in seeing an announcement of a monthly magazine of his own, which, we trust, will meet with a greater degree of success—supposing that to be possible—than that with which his previous works have been received. Meanwhile, he has favoured the world with a collection of pieces, under the name of 'Whimsicalities,' the greater number of which he had contributed to the New Monthly Magazine. In their new dress, we have no doubt that these pieces will be as popular as many which have preceded them; albeit, some must be already familiar to the public. Among those perhaps best known is the sketch called the Schoolmistress Abroad, an extract from which, however, we once more offer as a fair sample of these mirth-provoking volumes.

\*A schoolmistress ought not to travel—  
No, sir!

No, madam—except on the map. There, indeed, she may skip from a blue continent to a green one—cross a

pink isthmus—traverse a Red, Black, or Yellow Sea—land in a purple island, or roam in an orange desert, without danger or indecorum. There she may ascend dotted rivers, sojourn at capital cities, scale alps, and wade through bogs, without soiling her shoe, rumpling her satin, or showing her ankle. But as to practical travelling—real journeying and voyaging—oh, never, never, never!

How, sir! Would you deny to a preceptress all the excursive pleasures of locomotion?

By no means, miss. In the summer holidays, when the days are long, and the evenings are light, there is no objection to a little trip by the railway—say to Weybridge or Slough—provided always—

Well, sir?

That she goes by a special train, and in a first-class carriage.

Ridiculous!

Nay, madam; consider her pretensions. She is little short of a divinity!—Diana, without the hunting!—a modernised Minerva!—the representative of womanhood in all its purity!—Eve in full dress, with a finished education!—a model of morality!—a pattern of propriety!—the flegwoman of her sex! As such, she must be perfect. No medium performance, no ordinary good-going—like that of an eight-day clock or a Dutch dial—will suffice for the character. She must be as correct as a prize chronometer. She must be her own prospectus personified. Spotless in reputation, immaculate in her dress, regular in her habits, refined in her manners, elegant in her carriage, nice in her taste, faultless in her phraseology, and in her mind like—like—

Pray what, sir?

Why, like your own chimney-ornament, madam—a pure crystal fountain, sipped by little doves of alabaster.

A sweet pretty comparison! Well, go on, sir!

Now, look at travelling. At the best, it is a rambling, scrambling, shift-making, strange-bedding, irregular-mealing, foreign-habiting, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy sort of process. At the very least, a female must expect to be rumpled and dusted; perhaps dragged, drenched, torn, and rough-casted; and if not bodily capsize or thrown a somersault, she is likely to have her straitest-laced prejudices upset, and some of her most orthodox opinions turned topsy-turvy; an accident of little moment to other women, but to a schoolmistress productive of a professional lameness for life.

"Phoo! phoo! it's all banter," exclaims the courteous reader.

Banter be hanged! replies the courteous writer. But possibly, my good sir, you have never seen that incomparable schoolmistress, Miss Crane, for a Miss she was, is, and would be, even if Campbell's Last Man were to offer to her for the preservation of the species. One sight of her were, indeed, as good as a thousand, seeing that nightly she retires into some kind of mould, like a jelly shape, and turns out again in the morning the same identical face and figure, the same correct, ceremonious creature, and in the same costume to a crinkle. Otherwise remembering that unique image—so incrustured with crisp and brittle particularities—so bedecked allegorically with the primrose of prudence, the daisy of decorum, the violet of modesty, and the lily of purity, you would confess at once that such a schoolmistress was as unfit to travel—unpacked—as a Dresden China figure!

Excuse me, sir, but is there actually such a real personage?

Real! Are there real natives—real blessings to mothers—real del monte shares, and real water at the Adelphi? Only call her —, instead of Crane, and she is a living, breathing, flesh and blood, skin and bone individual! Why, there are dozens, scores, hundreds of her ex-pupils, now grown women, who will instantly recognise their old governess in the form with which, mixing up grace and gracefulness, she daily prefaced their rice-milk, batter-puddings, or raspberry-boilers.

Miss Crane, thinking it proper that she—being a professor of geography and the use of the globes—should

\*Whimsicalities, a Periodical Gathering, by Thomas Hood. vols. Henry Colburn. London: 1844.



travel, determines to go to Germany, accompanied by her sister Ruth and her father, 'the Reverend T. C.' Accordingly, as soon as the midsummer holidays set in, there was packed—in I don't know how many trunks, bags, and cap-boxes—I don't know what luggage, except that, for each of the party, there was a silver spoon, a knife and fork, and six towels.

"And pray, sir, how far did your schoolmistress mean to go?"

To Gotha, madam. Not because Bonaparte slept there on his flight from Leipsic, nor yet from any sentimental recollections of Goethe; nor to see the palace of Friedenstein and its museum, nor to purchase an Almanach de Gotha, nor even because his Royal Highness Prince Albert, of Saxe Gotha, was the husband elect of our gracious queen.

"Then what for, in the name of patience?"

Why, because the Berlin wool was dyed there, and so she could get what colour and shades she pleased.

Arrived in Prussia, the Reverend T. C. is unfortunately taken ill, and the party is obliged to halt at a miserable village inn.

'Now, the exclamation of Miss Crane—"Gracious heavens, Ruth, what a wretched hole!"—was not a single horse-power too strong for the occasion. Her first glance round the squalid room at the "Adler" convinced her, that whatever might be the geographical distance on the map, she was morally two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles from home; that is to say, it was about as distant as the earth from the moon. And truly, had she been transferred, no matter how, to that planet, with its no-atmosphere, she could not have been more out of her element. In fact, she felt for some moments as if she must sink on the floor—just as some delicate flower, transplanted into a strange soil, gives away in every green fibre, and droops to the mould in a vegetable fainting-fit, from which only time and the watering-pot can recover it.

Her younger sister, Miss Ruth, was somewhat less disconcerted. She had by her position the greater share in the active duties at Lebanon House: and under ordinary circumstances, would not have been utterly at a loss what to do for the comfort or relief of her parent. But in every direction in which her instinct and habits would have prompted her to look, the materials she sought were deficient. There was no easy-chair—no fire to wheel it to—no cushion to shake up—no cupboard to go to—no female friend to consult—no Miss Parfitt—no cook—no John to send for the doctor. No English—no French—nothing but that dreadful "Gefällig" or "Ja Wohl"—and the equally incomprehensible "Gnädige Frau!"

As for the Reverend T. C., he sat twisting about on his hard wooden chair, groaning, and making ugly faces, as much from peevishness and impatience as from pain, and indeed sometimes plainly levelled his grimaces at the simple Germans who stood round, staring at him, it must be confessed, as unceremoniously as if he had been only a great fish, gasping and wriggling on dry land.

In the meantime, his bewildered daughters held him one by the right hand, the other by the left, and earnestly watched his changing countenance, unconsciously imitating some of its most violent contortions. It did no good, of course: but what else was to be done? In fact, they were as much puzzled with their patient as a certain worthy tradesman, when a poor shattered creature on a shutter was carried into his floor-cloth manufactory by mistake for the hospital. The only thing that occurred to either of the females was to oppose every motion he made, for fear it should be wrong; and accordingly, whenever he attempted to lean towards the right side, they invariably bent him as much to the left.

"Der herr," said the German coachman, turning towards Miss Priscilla, with his pipe hanging from his teeth, and venting a puff of smoke that made her recoil three steps backward—"Der herr ist sehr krank."

The last word had occurred so frequently on the organ of the schoolmistress, that it had acquired in her mind some important significance.

"Ruth, what is krank?"

"How should I know," retorted Ruth, with an asperity apt to accompany intense excitement and perplexity. "In English, it's a thing that helps to pull the bell. But look at papa—do help to support him—you're good for nothing."

"I am indeed," murmured poor Miss Priscilla, with a gentle shake of her head, and a low slow sigh of acquiescence. Alas! as she ran over the catalogue of her accomplishments, the more she remembered what she could do for her sick parent, the more helpless and useless she appeared. For instance, she could have embroidered him a night-cap—

Or netted him a silk purse—  
Or plaited him a guard-chain—  
Or cut him out a watch-paper—  
Or ornamented his braces with bead-work—  
Or embroidered his waistcoat—  
Or worked him a pair of slippers—  
Or open-worked his pocket-handkerchief.

She could even—if such an operation would have been comforting or salutary—have rough-casted him with shell-work—

Or coated him with red or black seals—  
Or incrustated him with blue alum—  
Or stuck him all over with coloured wafers—  
Or festooned him—

But alas! alas! what would it have availed her poor dear papa in the spasmodics, if she had even festooned him, from top to toe, with little rice-paper roses! Miss Crane tries to provide something warm and comforting for her sick parent, and goes into the kitchen for that purpose; but, alas! cooking had formed no part of her education. 'She was none of those natural geniuses in the art who can extemporise flint broth, and toss up something out of nothing at the shortest notice. It is doubtful if, with the whole midsummer holidays before her, she could successfully have undertaken a pancake—or have got up even a hasty-pudding without a quarter's notice. For once, however, she was impelled by the painful exigency of the hour to test her ability, and finding certain ingredients to her hand, and subjecting them to the best or simplest process that occurred to her, in due time she returned, cup in hand, to the sick-room, and proffered to her poor dear papa the result of her first maiden effort in cookery.

"What is it?" asked Ruth, naturally curious, as well as anxious, as to the nature of so novel an experiment.

"Pah! puh! poof—phew! chut!" spluttered the Reverend T. C., unceremoniously getting rid of the first spoonful of the mixture. "It's paste—common paste!"

Poor Miss Crane!

The failure of her first little culinary experiment reduced her again to despair. If there be not already a statue of disappointment, she would have served for its model. It would have melted an iron master to have seen her with her eyes fixed intently on the unfortunate cup of paste, as if asking herself, mentally, was it possible that what she had prepared with such pains for the refreshment of a sick parent was only fit for—what? why, for the false tin stomach of a healthy bill sticker! But at length their postilion guesses what is required, and fetches a medical man, whom the ladies mistake for a horse doctor; for his prescription was, 'A series of powders to be taken every two hours. A set of draughts to wash down the powders. A box of pills. A bagful of certain herbs for fomentations. A large blister to be put between the shoulders. Twenty leeches to be applied to the stomach.' The first instalment of these potions the Reverend T. C. 'swallowed, the second he smelt, and the third he merely looked at: but that was enough; for, on the physician's third visit, he found the invalid convalescent, and the whole party preparing to return.

"Well, I must say," murmured the schoolmistress, as the coach rumbled off towards home, "I do wish we had reached Gotha, that I might have got my shades of wool."

"Humph!" grunted the Reverend T. C., still sore from recent disbursements; "they went out for wool, and they returned shorn."

"We went abroad for pleasure," grumbled Miss Ruth, "and have met with nothing but pain and trouble."

"And some instruction too," said Miss Crane, with even more than her usual gravity; "and here the sketch concludes with the following moral uttered by the heroine:—"For my own part, I have met with a lesson that has taught me my own unfitness for a governess. For I cannot think that a style of education which has made me so helpless and useless as a daughter, can be the proper one for young females who are hereafter to become wives and mothers, a truth that every hour has impressed on me since I have been a Schoolmistress Abroad."

Besides the above, there are several sketches in this collection of Whimsicalities written in the same style, and conveying some moral. Amongst them we may instance 'The Defaulter,' which affords a warning against forming too rash judgments on private character from circumstantial evidence; and 'The News from China,' which is a satire on natural over-indulgence, and the neglect of moral culture in the young. From the poetical pieces contained in the volumes, we select, firstly, a negative description of a London fog:—

#### 'NO!'

No sun—no moon!  
No morn—no noon—  
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
No sky—no earthly view—  
No distance looking blue—  
No road—no street—no 'further side the way'—  
No end to any row—  
No indications where the crescents go—  
No top to any steeples—  
No recognitions of familiar people—  
No courtesies for showing 'em—  
No knowing 'em!  
No travelling at all—no locomotion,  
No inking of the way—no notation—  
No go!—by land or ocean—  
No mail—no post—  
No news from any foreign coast—  
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—  
No company—no nobility—  
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
No comfortable feel in any member—  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
November!

Our author is generally severe on the seasons, as will be seen by the following ode to

#### SPRING—A NEW VERSION.

'Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness come!  
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,  
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?  
There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!  
For why, I find her breath a bitter blight!  
And suffer from her blossoms if they came  
From Spring the fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,  
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,  
Who do not feel as if they had a Spring  
Poured down their shoulders!

Let others eulogise her floral shows,  
From me they cannot win a single stanza;  
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's  
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,  
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,  
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,  
Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!  
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—  
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear  
With other sowings!

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,  
A frigid, not a genial inspiration;  
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy  
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,  
To me all vernal luxuries are fables;  
Oh! where's the Spring in a rheumatic leg,  
Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough;  
And quake with Ague, that great Agitator;  
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off  
My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack  
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?—  
Spring mild and gentle?—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack  
To those he sprang on!

In short, whatever panegyrics lie  
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,  
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,  
And that is blighted!

#### A VOICE FROM THE COUNTER.

IN Edinburgh, a few years ago, attention was drawn to the protracted hours of shop-keeping, and the propriety of shortening these, for the benefit of the assistants and apprentices, was strongly urged. The movement for this object being favoured by several circumstances, it was successful to a considerable extent. A class of shops, amounting to perhaps nine-tenths of the whole number, were thereafter shut at eight, instead of nine: those which had been kept open till a later hour than nine, were now shut at that hour. By these means young men were enabled to attend classes and lectures in the evening for the benefit of their minds, or to obtain a little recreation for the good of their health. The master's cares were also so far abridged; nor has it ever since been found that the interests or convenience of any party has suffered by this change. The tradesman does as much business in the restricted, as he ever did in the extended time; the customer, knowing the new regulations, is not incommoded by them. Meanwhile, the general condition of the 'young men' is improved. Their life is less one of hardship; they are consequently more cheerful in the performance of their duties. Their intellectual as well as moral nature is advanced. In fact, it is altogether a blessed change to all parties; so much so, that last year, after a trial of a few years, a further abbreviation of the hours of shop-keeping took place, and young men are now very generally allowed the whole of Saturday evening from five or six o'clock to spend as they please. Of the results of this farther relaxation of the rigours of business, we cannot as yet speak; but we have no doubt whatever that they will be good. The amount of application is still fully as much as human nature can well admit of. The services rendered during business hours will be all the more hearty and kindly, that the person rendering them is made comparatively happy in his circumstances. The master is not injured, and the public is not subjected to the least inconvenience, so long as the same amount of business can be transacted, as it can be in most instances, in the shorter space of time. There is, of course, a limit to the progress of this reformation; but it does not appear that it has yet been transgressed.

Meanwhile, the shop assistants in other large cities are making exertions to procure similar alleviations of their labours. It is a righteous and holy cause, and most happy are we to give the above testimony in its behalf—one which we cannot doubt will be of some importance, as it often happens that that assurance of safety which is afforded by precedent, goes a greater way than the best arguments or the most powerful appeals to feeling. It appears, however, that the case of the shop assistants in many of our large cities, including the metropolis, is really such as to call strongly for a reform of business hours. We find a flood of light thrown upon the subject in an ably compiled pamphlet published by the benevolent Dr Grindrod of Manches-

ter.\* 'The central committee of assistant drapers in the metropolis states, "that a large majority of their body, amounting to many thousands, are closely confined in business, on an average from six or seven in the morning, until nine, ten, or eleven o'clock at night, and during the summer months generally two hours later, relieved only by a scanty intermission, absolutely necessary for the support of nature." On more minute inquiry, it appears that the period of commencing and closing business differs in various establishments. In the drapery business, the hours of commencing business vary from six to half-past seven o'clock A.M., some shops being always a little earlier than others, and all differing to some extent, according to the season. In the winter months, some close at eight, but an equally, or nearly equally large number, at half-past nine and ten. The most extensive number, however, usually close at nine. These statements refer to about five months of the year. In the summer months, about an equal number close at nine and eleven, and half-past eleven, but by far the greatest number about ten, or half-past ten. Some shops, however, keep open until twelve. The latter class, indeed, are not few in number. In winter, those shops that close on other nights at eight, keep open on Saturday nights until ten. A large number during this season keep open until eleven and twelve. In the summer season, comparatively few shops close before these hours. Those who transact business more particularly among the operative classes, do not close their shops until one on Sunday morning.' In some of the publishing houses in London, the drudgery is so great as frequently to ruin the health of the assistants. In one house, we have heard it stated, though, we hope, only in the way of joke, that, on an average, a clerk is killed off every six months.

The moral and intellectual degradation consequent upon this system of drudgery are strongly dwelt upon by Dr Grindrod; but we only can afford room for a few of his remarks. 'The education,' he says, 'of the bulk of young men engaged as assistants is limited and imperfect. Perhaps those engaged as linen drapers, and one or two other trades equally respectable, form exceptions to this rule. No sooner, however, are the indentures of apprenticeship signed, than, in nine cases out of ten, farewell to improvement. Future acquisition in learning is confined to a more thorough knowledge of the science of pounds, shillings, and pence. From an early hour in the morning until a late period at night, the same monotonous routine of duties requires incessant attention. Little time is allowed for reflection; less for the cultivation of the mind, either by study or attendance upon lectures: no interval is permitted for social intercourse or friendly communication; even the period allotted for meals is often abridged to the smallest possible extent. The duties, indeed, of shop assistants are, with slight exception, purely mechanical—nay, worse, they are calculated to cramp the energies and to pervert the faculties of the youthful mind. The bad, however promising its early appearance—however careful and unremitting the attention which may have been paid to the culture of its parent plant, cannot be expected to expand into the healthy and perfect flower, if, at the most critical period of its growth, the stem from which it receives its nourishment is transplanted from its native soil into a noxious and ungenial atmosphere.

The period of apprenticeship comprehends that portion of existence in which our young men evince the most ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge. Youth, in fact, is the period for intellectual improvement. Is it then consistent with design, to suppose that at this important era in life, when the faculties of the mind and the moral powers not only are best adapted to judicious exercise, but possess the keenest sense of enjoyment, every hour unoccupied by sleep should be

entirely devoted to the mere drudgery of business, to the utter neglect of matters of higher and more enduring moment? Are there no after-duties in life to keep in view—no destinies in prospect, distinct from the concerns of the counter or desk, which require their due share of cultivation? It is, as before stated, the undoubted lot of man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow—his physical powers demand it. Labour, within due limits, is not only necessary to procure the necessities and conveniences of life, but it is requisite to the maintenance of health. It is so ordained by the fiat of Omnipotence. The physical powers, however, only form one portion of man's constitution. The powers of the mind, and, above all, the faculties of the soul, require their due share of cultivation. Such also is the Divine will. He, therefore, who, for mere selfish purposes, deprives those in his employ of seasonable opportunities for the cultivation of each, is accountable to God and to his fellow-creatures.

It too often happens, however, under the present system, that apprentices and assistants are unable even to retain the limited education received at school, if, indeed, we except the almost mechanical acquirements of writing and accounts. No books at their command, or, if so fortunate as to possess a select few, no time to read, much less to study their contents, their minds gradually lose their former relish for the stores of literature and science, and receive their future cast from the associates and associations which constantly surround them. The manners and appearance of some of our fashionable mercers' assistants are certainly not calculated either to command the respect or to excite the esteem of those with whom they come in contact. The outward exterior, however, of the frivolous and foppish shop youth, but exhibits the condition of the inner man. Let our youths be influenced by a more elevated scale of morals; let them possess the advantages of an education more suited to their scale in society, and the objectionable manners under consideration will soon disappear. The moral and intellectual condition of our young men is not so much their crime as their misfortune. It is but the natural and unavoidable issue of the system—a sacrifice offered to the Moloch of gain.

One or two appropriate examples will serve to exhibit this subject in a more forcible light. At a meeting held in Manchester, November 1837, in furtherance of the desirable object of closing all retail shops at an earlier hour, a respectable and influential tradesman of that town stated, that he had served his apprenticeship under a master who had left one part of his character deeply engraved on his grateful recollection—a consideration for the welfare and comfort of those in his employ, manifested, among other ways, in the permission to close business at eight o'clock at night. Those hours, he added, thus gained, had been to him the source of all the improvement and advantage that rendered his more mature life happier than otherwise it could have been, and made him desirous to extend to others that advantage which he had enjoyed in his youth. The writer may add, that the individual in question, after a brief but successful career, has retired from the pursuits of business, and is at the present period pursuing his studies at one of our universities, with a view to enter into the sacred office of the ministry. This interesting record, however, does not comprehend the whole case. About fourteen years previous to the time when the above statement was made, the same gentleman took into his service a raw youth from a Sunday school. He permitted him to conclude the labours of the day at eight o'clock in the evening, and not only offered to him the use of his own library, but agreed to purchase any books he might want, provided that he would study them under his roof. The youth had both gratitude and a desire of self-improvement. Now, and for several years, observed his kind master, he has been one of the most highly honoured labourers in the South-Sea Missions, reflecting credit on the society that sent him

\* The Wrongs of Our Youth; an Essay on the Evils of the Late-Hour System. By R. B. Grindrod, LL.D., Author of 'Bacchus,' &c. London: Britain. Manchester: Irwin. 1843.



and promoting the glory of God by spreading the truths of Christianity in those islands. The writer can substantiate the latter statement from a personal knowledge of the facts.

The editor of one of the Manchester papers stated at the same meeting, that when in Glasgow, his master had permitted him to use for his own improvement the evening hours after seven, and that those hours, in the period from seventeen to nineteen years of age, were to him the most profitable of his life. He had also at his command the hours from six or seven till nine in the morning, and he laid in at that period a greater stock of substantial knowledge than he had ever been able to acquire in his subsequent progress through life.

Dr Grindrod adduces a number of authorities, amongst whom is Sir Anthony Carlisle, to prove that labour or application for ten hours a-day, not including two hours of intermission for meals and recreation, is as much as the human body can sustain with impunity. We most earnestly, though respectfully, press this upon the consideration of all shop-keepers, assuring them of our thorough conviction that it is actually for their own interests, as well as those of the young men employed by them, that business should be limited as nearly as possible to this daily measure.

#### BRADY, THE AMERICAN BORDERER.

Is the account given by a tourist of his journey, in May 1835, to the Falls of Cuyahoga, near Lake Erie, and published in Silliman's Journal of Science, we find the following particulars of Samuel Brady, a noted American borderer who flourished about sixty years ago:—

Brady was over six feet in height, with light blue eyes, fair skin, and dark hair: he was remarkably straight, athletic, bold, and vigorous backwoodsman, inured to all the toils and hardships of a frontier life, and had become very obnoxious to the Indians, from his numerous successful attacks on their war parties, and from shooting them in his hunting excursions whenever they crossed his path, or came within reach of his rifle; for he was personally engaged in more hazardous contests with the savages than any other man west of the mountains, excepting Daniel Boone. He was, in fact, "an Indian hater," as many of the early borderers were. This class of men appear to have been more numerous in this region than in any other portion of the frontiers; and this doubtless arose from the slaughter at Braddock's defeat, and the numerous murders and attacks on defenceless families that for many years followed that disaster. Brady was also a very successful trapper and hunter, and took more beavers than any of the Indians themselves. In one of his adventurous trapping excursions to the waters of the Beaver river, or Mahoning, which in early days so abounded with the animals of this species, that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp, and took him prisoner. To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot would have been but a small gratification to that of satisfying his revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver river, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed, after being stripped naked, and with his arms unbound. Previously to tying him to the stake, a large circle was formed around him, consisting of Indian men, women, and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes, with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-struck at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of this confusion Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He

ascended the steep side of a hill amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west of it. His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south of the Ohio river, which he crossed by swimming. The hill near whose base this adventure is said to have happened still goes by his name; and the incident is often referred to by the traveller, as the coach is slowly dragged up its side.

Brady's residence was on Chartier's Creek, on the south side of the Ohio; and being a man of Herculean strength, activity, and courage, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their incursions into the Indian territory north of the river. About the year 1780, a large party of warriors from the falls of the Cuyahoga and the adjacent country, had made an inroad on the south side of the Ohio river, in the lower part of what is now Washington county, then known as the settlement of "Catfish Camp," after an old Indian of that name who lived there when the whites first came into the country on the Monongahela river. This party had murdered several families, and with the "plunder" had recrossed the Ohio before effectual pursuit could be made. By Brady a party was directly summoned of his chosen followers, who hastened on after them; but the Indians having started one or two days earlier, he could not overtake them in time to arrest their return to their villages. Near the spot where the town of Ravenna now stands, the Indians separated into two parties, one of which went to the north, and the other west, to the falls of the Cuyahoga. Brady's men also divided; a part pursued the northern trail, and a part went with their commander to the Indian village lying on the river in the present township of Northampton, in Portage county. Although Brady made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the look-out, and ready to receive him, with numbers fourfold to those of Brady's party, whose only safety was in a hasty retreat, which, from the ardour of the pursuit, soon became a perfect flight. Brady directed his men to separate, and each one to take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone.

The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula; within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having, in peaceable times, often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Brady directed his course to the river, at a spot where the whole stream is compressed by the rocky cliffs into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in height more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a race-horse, chaffing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while, a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide. As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that, on the opposite cliff, the leap was favoured by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection, he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before; but being bent on taking him alive, for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forbore the use of their rifle; but now seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him; one bullet wounded him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress.

The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the

trunk of a large oak which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and after they had gone, weary, lame, and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home. His followers also all returned in safety. The chasm across which he leaped is in sight of the bridge where we crossed the Cuyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of *Brady's Leap*.

### Weekly Chit-Chat.

*A New Dish.*—The German newspapers of a recent date give an account of a grand supper which took place on the 17th of November last at Koenigsbade, near Stuttgart. The company consisted of more than 150 persons, belonging to the town and its environs, who were of all conditions of life. The fare included rice-soup, salt meat, and the grand novelty of the evening, which was *horse-flesh* dressed à la mode. All the guests agreed that the last-named dish was tender and agreeable to the palate, and that they could scarcely distinguish it from beef. Those who possessed less than the usual prejudice against horse-flesh, began to imbibe the à la mode vigorously, and declared it was delicious, thus encouraging the more squeamish to make the experiment, which they soon did; many of them insisting upon being helped twice. The party unanimously resolved to have another repast of the same nature as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. We doubt if the example of these courageous epicures will be very extensively followed, not so much from a difficulty of overcoming the popular aversion to horse-flesh, as from the expensiveness of the article, for horses cost much more than bulls and cows. Again, the flesh of animals constantly labouring during their lifetime is always tough; hence we are led to infer, that the horse, off which the Koenigsbade folks fed, must have been either a very young or very idle animal.

*Impurities of Water Corrected.*—The use of certain plants and vegetable juices in correcting the bad qualities of water, says the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, admits of ample illustration. It is understood that the original inducement of the Chinese to the use of tea was for the purpose of correcting the bad qualities of their water; and our early colonists in America infused in the water, for the same purpose, the branches of *sassafras*. Niebuhr, speaking of the Nile, observes: 'The water is always somewhat muddy, but by rubbing with bitter almonds prepared in a particular manner the earthen jars in which it is kept, this water is rendered clear, light, and salutary.' Roberts, in his 'Oriental Illustrations,' has some interesting observations concerning the practices of the Hindoos with reference to this subject. He informs us that the brackish water in the neighbourhood of the salt-pans, or of the sea, is often corrected by the natives throwing into it the wood called *perru-nelli* (*phyllanthus emblica*); and should the water be very bad, the well is lined with planks cut out of this tree. He adds:—'In swampy grounds, or where there has not been rain for any long time, the water is often muddy, and very unwholesome. But Providence has again been bountiful, by giving to the people the *leatin moram* (*strychnos potatorum*). All who live in the neighbourhood of such water, or who have to travel where it is, always carry a supply of the nuts of this tree. They grind one or two of them on the side of an earthen vessel; the water is then poured in, and the impurities soon subside.'

*The Water-Power of Ireland.*—At the meeting of the Cuvierian Society, held at the Royal Cork Institution, a paper was read by Mr. Hennessy on the water-power of Ireland. The result of his calculations were, that if all the water in the streams in Ireland were applied to mechanical purposes, it would produce a power equal to 4,015,320 horses. It was also calculated that the water capable of being applied to chemical uses, as dyeing, tanning, &c., amounts to between four and five billions of imperial gallons. That the water of Ireland is pure, and therefore fitted for manufacturing purposes, was proved from various chemical and geological considerations.

*An Improvement in Fresco Painting.*—One of the chief difficulties which the fresco painter has to contend against, is the rapid drying of the mortar upon which he paints, obliging him to begin and finish a small section of his picture in one day, and to paint the whole of a large mass bit by bit. A promise of obviating this great disadvantage has been held out by Mr. Thomas Heaphy, who, in a letter published in a recent number of the *Art-Union*, states that he has found means of applying the surface of mortar to the wall, 'in such a manner as shall retard its solidification for almost any period that may be desired. By this method the painting is rendered capable of being retouched for several successive days.' Should this promise be realised, it will give a great impetus to the long-neglected art, and earn for Mr. Heaphy the thanks of all its true lovers.

*Novel Hot-bed.*—It is stated in the report of the Midland Mining Commission, that near Dudley, in Staffordshire, early potatoes are raised for the London market in ground heated by the steam and gases emitted from an old colliery which has been on fire for many years. This is a much more direct and economical application of internal heat than that proposed by our Parisian neighbours, who are at present labouring to procure naturally heated water from a depth of 3000 feet, wherewith to warm the green-houses and menageries of the Garden of Plants—presuming that water from that depth will be raised to 100 or 104 degrees of Fahrenheit, by the central or internal heat of the earth.

*Fantastic Conceptions.*—The recently broached idea, that certain notes in music are somehow analogous to certain colours, is not new. Such fancies were entertained upwards of forty years ago, and most likely then not for the first time. At the end of last century, Castel, an ingenious French clergyman, invented an instrument, resembling a piano-forte, for arranging colours. He supposed that the seven prismatic colours corresponded exactly to the seven tones of music. Accordingly, he composed a gamut after the following fashion:—C was represented by blue; C sharp by sky-blue; D, pea-green; D sharp, olive-green; E, yellow; F, pale yellow; F sharp, orange; G, red; G sharp, crimson; A, purple; A sharp, light purple; B, dark blue. The octaves of each note repeated lighter tints of the same colours. The inventor undertook by this means to make all the colours appear either successively, or in pleasing combination, for the amusement of those persons to whom nature had denied the sense of hearing, by procuring the agreeable sensations to the eye similar to those created by melody and harmony. Another French priest, the Abbé Poncelet, invented an organ for the gratification of the palate! He arranged his scale thus:—Acidity stood for C; insipidity for D; sweetness, E; bitterness, F; acid-sweet, G; harshness, A; pungency, B. The instrument was enclosed in a case; the key-board being disposed as usual in front. The action of two bellows sustained a continual current of air, which was guided into a row of organ pipes. Opposite to these pipes were ranged an equal number of phial-bottles, filled with liquids flavoured as above. The machine was so constructed, that, by pressing the fingers of the keys, the wind entered the sounding pipes, and uncorked the bottles, the liquids running into a large glass goblet placed underneath. If the organist played unskillfully, and produced discord, the liquor mixed in the reservoir had a nauseous taste; but if he performed well, so as to produce harmonious tones, the mixture was found to be delicious.

*Agcs of Various Sovereigns.*—Last New Year's day the various rulers of the earth bore the following ages:—The king of Sweden, 80; the Pope, 78; the king of the French, 70; the emperor of China, 62; the king of Wurtemberg, 62; the king of Bavaria, 57; the king of Denmark, 57; the king of the Belgians, 54; the emperor of Austria, 50; the king of Prussia, 50; the emperor of Russia, 47; the king of Saxony, 46; the king of Sardinia, 45; the king of Naples, 34; the king of the Greeks, 26; the queen of Portugal, 26; the queen of England, 24; the sultan of Turkey, 20; and the queen of Spain, 13.

*Rules.*—Every opportunity should be taken to discountenance that false and vulgar opinion, that rules are the fetters of genius; they are fetters only to men of no genius.—*St. Joshua Reynolds.*

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